The Commonweal

November 9, 1951

Germany Revisited

Waldemar Gurian

Miss Bentley's Bondage

Joseph Alsop

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

The Tories' Return

CERTAIN American commentators have been writing of Mr. Churchill's victory as if the bulk of the British people had strenuously repudiated Labor root and branch. The fact is that there was only a slight shift in the electorate—changes among marginal voters plus accessions from the Liberal Party, which for many seats presented no candidate. Labor actually registered a minutely higher popular vote.

If the party sympathies of the British are now about equally divided, although the Tories have a small parliamentary majority, the people's attitude toward Labor's social services is not. About the only major domestic change expected from Mr. Churchill's new government is that nationalization of the steel industry will be revoked. Otherwise such elements as state transport, food subsidies to control prices, free medical and dental care will continue. There is no real turning back. The big difference is expected in foreign policy—more determined defense of the remaining components of the British Empire and a greater tendency to deal directly with Stalin. But domestic and foreign, a hard road all along.

The evidence is that the welfare state is a one-way street. Political parties which have advocated it and then put it into practice in Australia and New Zealand have long been forced from office, but their more conservative successors have been unwilling or unable to overturn the social benefit system. On the Continent of Europe the electoral gains of Center and Rightist parties have likewise been of little domestic effect. Here in the United States few believe that a Republican victory in 1952 would mean an end to our various forms of social security, farm subsidies or other benefits set up under Democratic auspices.

It stands to reason that in a society where few men by themselves are able to provide unfailingly year in year out for their family's needs, people will hold on to whatever aid and security the state will provide. In the matter of government ownership the case is similar. Once utilities, say, are taken over by a government and operated at least theoretically in the public interest, there will be no general clamor to return them to private interests. Why, people will say, should any group of men be empowered to make profits out of a service that we need and that the government is now providing? Therefore socialism, as well as the welfare state, comes to stay. Only a cataclysm of horrendous proportions, which would destroy everything and mean that survivors in a certain society would have to start all over again, could lead to a resumption of any degree of laissez faire.

That is why statism is such a desperate business. It has a permanence about it not unlike that of Catholic marriage; it is not to be entered into hastily or lightly. Its lasting character is of the essence.

THERE are degrees both of socialism and of the welfare state. At the moment the peoples of the West appear little inclined to fasten upon themselves and their posterity a greater degree of either. But unhappily they fail to manifest sufficient interest in non-state institutions which could provide many of the benefits claimed for the all-out totalitarian state. Local organizations of all sorts, credit unions, producer and consumer cooperatives, labor unions with expanded educational, insurance and consumer facilities—expansion and intensification of all these, together with a more universally responsible industrial set-up, could make it less necessary for the state to come forward as a last resort. They also constitute means of fostering individual initiative, community activity and human freedom. If socialism is a one-way street, full-fledged democracy comprises a whole series of smaller lanes that intersect.

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Harassed United Fruit

IN RECENT months the travail of the colonial powers has been disturbing primarily because the British, Dutch and French are key allies. Britain's and Holland's loss of empire seemed inevitable and native self-rule desirable, much as these colonial losses weakened our bloc and our friends. By the same token American popular sentiment for the costly French attempt to hang on to Indo-China has been half-hearted, even though it is partially an effort to keep the Communists out of Southeast Asia. It has been relatively easy for us to condemn the colonial misdeeds of other nations. And we have never been able wholly to understand why the native peoples of Asia do not automatically recognize the United States as champion of their political rights.

One reason for the hesitancy of other peoples to accept American political ideals as their own has gradually been coming to light in Central America, where for half a century the United Fruit Company has been operating its own tight little empire of plantations, railroads, docks, shipping and friendly governments. This empire rests on a series of concessions granted by each government—concessions which a three-months' mission of the International Bank for Reconstruction has now said need to be revised. In Honduras and the Republic of Panama changes in the Fruit Company's concessions have already been effected.

In Guatemala, however, trouble is afoot. The present government, of the Popular Liberation Front, is a reaction to previous dictatorships which had played ball with the Company. Changes in the United Fruit concession similar to those accepted by Honduras and Panama have been flatly rejected. Moreover the Liberation Front has come up with a series of demands which would markedly change the status of the Company. Among these is the abrogation of United Fruit's monopoly of production and transportation of bananas, which account for a fifth of Guatemala's exports.

The local political leaders assert that they do not wish to expel the company altogether. The company for its part claims that it is barely breaking even at current rates. Transfer of its wharves and certain other properties to the Government and the paying of higher taxes, wages and worker benefits would on this theory throw company operations in Guatemala deeply into the red.

The difficulties all began with a labor dispute. The unions, which have recently merged into one, supply the key element in the situation. They are led by Vicente Lombardo Toledano, strong man in Latin-American labor, long believed to be a Soviet agent and in any case an enemy of the United States.

In a country of less than four million people the operations of the United Fruit Company are substantial. Wages and purchases alone account for $15,000,000 annually, while the foreign exchange the company brings in has kept the local currency at par. The United Fruit has also made contributions to public health and the development of new products. The national economy would be thrown into confusion if the shipping company from the North should suddenly decide to pull up stakes rather than meet the Front's demands. For all concerned it would seem to be a bitter choice.

• NEXT WEEK •

JOSEPH KORBEL, a member of the UN Commission dispatched to India and Pakistan, tells of the struggle between the two over Kashmir.

"Nehru refuses to accept the policy of the United Nations, and Indian armies are on the Pakistan border. Pakistan extremists threaten India with a holy war, and the feelings of the Moslem world from Algiers to Indonesia have been aroused. A war may start against the leaders' will ignited by passions and hatreds which have always been the worst counselors in human relations."

A Block by Texas

CONGRESS is out on recess but that does not necessarily mean that all legislators have deserted the capitol. Among others, the House Judiciary Committee has been in session. It has just refused to approve an immigration subcommittee report that would impose stiff penalties for hiring "wetbacks" or Mexican laborers who depress the farm labor market in the Southwest by crossing to this country illegally to seek employment. Texas Representatives vigorously objected to a sub-committee suggestion that immigration officers be permitted to search for illegal migrants, without warrant, any vehicle or any building that is not a private home.

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The Texas Representatives, most of them from districts near the border, called for public hearings at which farmers could state their case. Nothing could appear more reasonable. Yet there can be no doubt that laws which are flagrantly violated in defiance of the common welfare should be enforced. The recommended legislation, if reported out, would inevitably come up for extensive discussion in the House and Senate. Hence the demand for public hearings is primarily an obstructive or delaying action.

Inside China

AFTER two years at his post in Peiping, Mr. Sardar K.M. Panikkar, India's Ambassador to China, recently returned to New Delhi, where he delivered a speech the other day setting forth his views of the Chinese government. What he had to say should not be taken lightly in this country. Mr. Panikkar is obviously influencing the atttiude of Prime Minister Nehru and his government toward China and toward the entire matter of Communism in Asia.

Among other things, Mr. Panikkar told his listeners that while it is true that the Peiping regime of Mao Tse-tung is dominated by Communists, it would be wrong to call Mao's government a "Communist government." This is indeed a fine and subtle distinction and Mr. Panikkar explains it by saying that Mao has decided to postpone doctrinaire Communism until certain essential conditions are fulfilled, such as the consolidation of Communist power throughout China and the improvement of the economic situation. While this is going on, Mao Tse-tung intends to give "all classes of people cooperating with the government" a share of political power.

It is not quite clear just what impression of Mao Tse-tung's government Mr. Panikkar seeks to give us, but the effect of his speech as reported here is very similar to that made by some of the journalists and scholars who a few years ago paid their visits to China and came out telling us that Mao and his followers were not real Communists but only agrarian reformers. As any competent history of the Chinese Communist movement will bear out, the leaders of the movement for over twenty years have been avowed Marxist-Leninists. Such men dominate Peiping today, as Mr. Panikkar admits, and when Communists dominate a government, Mr. Panikkar should surely have the good sense to know that it is a "Communist government" and nothing else. Are we to believe that Mao is being benevolent in postponing out-and-out Communism and in giving a share of government to "all classes of people cooperating with the government"? So far as granting democratic rights goes, this last phrase, in Communist parlance, offers nothing.

Mr. Panikkar further believes that Communist China is carrying out her own interests in Korea. He does not believe that China today toes the Kremlin line on foreign policy.

In general, what Mr. Panikkar is talking about —that is, the nature of Chinese Communism and the future direction it will take—is one of the most difficult and important questions this country and its allies will have to face in the next few years. How we handle this matter will undoubtedly help to determine whether hundreds of millions of people are to live in freedom or slavery in Asia. How we handle it will help to determine whether we are to have peace or war in the world.

It stands to reason that we must try at the outset to have the basic situation as clear in our minds as possible.

In China we are dealing with a Communist dictatorship. Communist dictatorships, by their very nature, are not stay-at-home governments. They are aggressive and dedicated to the concept of the world revolution. Asia, India included, is in the thick of that revolution right now and China, by virtue of her geographical position and resources, stands ready to dominate all of Asia. It seems unlikely that China will be stopped short of that goal by men as indecisive as Ambassador Panikkar.

We are aware that in the long run there may be conflicts between the rival ambitions of the Russians and the Chinese and we trust that those differences will be exploited by the non-Communist powers for all they are worth. But the question for the present is: Can the remainder of Asia be kept free from Communism? If the answer to this question depends upon the attitude of Asiatics who are no more sure of themselves or of the tactics of Communist revolution than Mr. Panikkar appears to be, the prospect is not bright.

So far, the United States has not been conspicuously successful in getting on better terms with the Indian government and its people—our potential friends in Asia. Mr. Panikkar's speech leads us to believe that we have not much more time left to do so.

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Call It The Thing

DON'T call it anti-Catholicism, for if you do you will be imputing motives of narrowness and bigotry, maybe unjustly, and a wall will rise blocking off any further understanding. In your mind you may not be able to think of a substitute for it, but don't shape that word on your lips or put it in writing if you want to get anywhere with the discussion. Call it whatitsname or whatdoyoucallit or the Thing, call it whatever you choose.

Whatever you call it, anyone who reads the newspapers and magazines will know what you are talking about. You are talking about what a Catholic might call anti-Catholicism; what a non-Catholic might think of as "dealing with the Catholic problem."

Every day it becomes more apparent that something has happened to Catholic and non-Catholic relations in this country. They are not what they were even a few years ago. Goodwill and understanding, mutual forebearance and tolerance have deteriorated rapidly in recent months. There is much more dissension, controversy, suspicion and distrust than there used to be. Some of it breaks into print and public discussion; most of it is confined behind locked doors. If you want proof you need only look to the letter columns of three or four important national magazines. Hardly an issue goes by that there is not at least one, often three or four letters on the "Catholic problem."

Don't be too quick to call it anti-Catholicism, in the bigoted sense, even in your own mind. Remember the men who are honestly disturbed and hate the idea of being thought of as bigots. For instance, just today twenty-six prominent Protestant clergymen of the New York area signed a protest against the appointment of General Clark. "He [the President]," they wrote, "has forced millions of our citizens to a point where, motivated by no anti-Catholic prejudice and hating religious dissension, they must nevertheless for conscience sake, protest against what seems to them an intolerable negation of basic American principles."

You can't classify a statement of that kind with the vulgarity of a Blanshard. You can't brand all the ingredients under the one head, anti-Catholicism. Still together they make up the one thing, the shocking deterioration of Catholic, non-Catholic relations in this country.

No one wants religious dissension; no one wants bad feeling, unnecessary controversy and widespread suspicion. I know that Catholics emphatically don't like the idea of being thought of as second-rate Americans tolerated by the Protestant majority. They don't like the idea of being watched like thieves who will rob their fellow-citizens of basic liberties if given half a chance. And I don't suppose that non-Catholics like themselves in the role of watchmen. No one but a few extreme zealots likes the Thing. Yet it is here with us. The appointment of Clark didn't get it started; but it is likely to give it momentum. I know that Mr. Blanshard had a great deal to do with it, but I doubt that even he can be given sole responsibility. The ground was already broken when his first book appeared.

Catholic support of the Franco regime in Spain and defense of the disabilities placed on Protestants there: I suppose that had much to do with it. The question of school buses and the vigorous Catholic objection to the Barden bill: another key question. The unfortunate controversy between Mrs. Roosevelt and Cardinal Spellman, both of whom command great loyalty: a third. The perennial issue of censorship and the use of pressure methods: another point of tension. Now the Vatican Ambassador question. They have followed upon one another during the last three years.

In the meantime there has been Mr. Blanshard and the thousands upon thousands of copies of his book that have been circulated. That contributed to increasing non-Catholic fears; it contributed greatly to strengthening the view of the Church as a totalitarian institution inimical to American traditions, democratic beliefs and a sworn enemy of freedom.

Now we have the Thing.

And where do we go from here? What can a Catholic do or say to relieve Protestant and other non-Catholic fears? What can he do to help restore healthy relations and dispel ill feeling?

He can ask for less vehemence all around. He can remind non-Catholics that they often speak foolishly and intemperately about Catholic intentions. They often talk down to us, as if we didn't know what it was to be an American, as if we were outsiders who had no appreciation or understanding of the traditions of the country, which is ours as well as theirs. He can remind them that they sometimes talk glibly of our beliefs as if they were founded on the rankest superstitions and we were too dumb to see that; that they often talk without knowing very clearly what they are talking about, where the teachings of Catholicism are concerned, and madden us by oversimplifications, misstatements, misinterpretations and a general supercilious air; that often they seem to prefer even the rankest secularism to our religious efforts.

Maybe that is why we often seem overly aggressive, pugnacious, anti-intellectual, clannish and arrogantly exclusive. Maybe that is why we are so often inclined to defend the indefensible, to rely on our sheer numbers, as if power and power alone were our only strength in a hostile world, and suspect bigotry where none is present.

It seems very probable that the blame for the present deterioration of tolerance must be shared. *Mea Culpas* would not be out of place from either quarter. We all stand to suffer from the present situation, and our children more than we. That is why it might be wise for everyone to think twice before he speaks. Let him say what he feels necessary to say, but say it in such a way that he imputes no evil motives, without sure reason, and inflicts at most a minimum of personal hurt. Tolerance is more than an ideal. It is a way of speaking, a way of arguing, even a way of controversy. In the long run, it is a way of life, easily lost and regained only with pain.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Germany Revisited

The immediate postwar years are already consigned to the nightmare past.

By WALDEMAR GURIAN

AFTER her unconditional surrender in 1945, it seemed that Germany would never again play an important role in world politics. She was occupied and poor and until the time of the currency reform in 1948, life in Western Germany was quite unpleasant. Denazification, reeducation and demilitarization were the order of the day.

Today, Germans speak of those immediate postwar years as if they were just a bad dream belonging to the past. An amazing job of reconstruction has been and is being done. True, much remains to be done; there are overcrowded apartments; many refugees and expellees have not yet found work; salaries are low and taxes are high; and, of course, the fact that Bonn is only a provisional German capital is symbolic of the great problem of a divided country.

Although Eastern Germany is more and more assuming the status of a Russian satellite, the Bonn Republic, despite the occupation statute which denies Germany full sovereignty, enjoys practically complete independence. The state of war with the Western powers has been abrogated. Chancellor Adenauer directs German foreign policy; the occupation forces do not interfere too much in German affairs; the High Commissioners are, in fact, more than reluctant to use their powers. Public criticism of the West is permitted —unless it comes from Communist papers in the service of Moscow. Denazification is now mentioned only as an example of the complete failure of a policy. The rather national *Deutsche Zeitung* complains that in Flensburg a former SS leader who, until 1950, was in hiding, has taken over a leading position in the youth administration. German publicists who are opposed to the present policies emanating from Bonn complain that the new Foreign Office is in the hands of former Nazis or pro-Nazis, and the Socialist Empire Party (Reichspartei), which openly admits that it defends many Nazi policies, is not hampered in its activities by the occupation powers, although it may later be suppressed if the newly-established German Court decides that its program is inimical to the Bonn Constitution.

The days of reeducation are also past. There is no longer an effort made to change German educational methods and institutions through pressure from the outside; German cultural activities are aided by American gifts and subsidies, it is true, but these are given in order to support worthy causes, not in order to control and dominate.

And practically no one talks any more about demilitarization. On the contrary, there are now heated discussions as to how Germany will contribute to the defense of Europe against a threatening Communist attack. The debate is over the size of projected German military units and over the role Germany will play in the European army as proposed in the so-called Pleven plan. Among the Germans there is, however, a reluctance to rearm at the demand of the Western powers and, particularly, at the insistence of the United States. The Bonn government already is exacting concessions on this matter: it is said that the Allies should guarantee that German territory will be defended and that Germany should get back all her sovereign rights.

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EVEN more serious is the reluctance of many Germans to perform military service. This reluctance, though it has lost some of its intensity in the last few months, causes Chancellor Adenauer a great deal of trouble. It is obvious that he wants to come to terms with the West and he wants to use the potential German military power as a means of bargaining with the Allies and winning political and economic concessions from them.

There are several reasons for this feeling of reluctance about rearmament. A comparatively small group of neutralists demands that Germany remain neutral in the conflict between the USA and the USSR, a conflict which they regard (obviously overlooking the basic facts) as a conflict between two more or less equally evil imperialisms. This group is not much larger than the small body of Communist sympathizers, who are too few to play any important role, though they may become an important menace as spies and saboteurs in the event of an Eastern aggression.

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Neutralism is not so much an expression of a politcial view as it is an articulation of the fear that German territory might not be defended in case of war. It is felt that this territory might be abandoned in a strategic retreat. This fear is skilfully exploited by Schumacher and the Socialist opposition, who accuse Adenauer of selling out German security to the Allies.

The argument is also heard, and has a powerful popular appeal, that German remilitarization will prevent the restoration of unity between Western and Eastern Germany and perhaps precipitate the outbreak of World War III.

Among those who are against rearmament there are many, especially of the younger generation, who have only unhappy memories of their previous period of military service and who therefore assert that they want no more of it.

Finally, the more or less unreconstructed militarists form a most important group opposing the Allied plan for rearmament. They indulge in satirical remarks about the fact that the same powers who, a few years ago, demanded a complete destruction of German militarism, now request German soldiers. They say that only after the release of the last German war criminal from jail—and among the sentenced war criminals are such men as Marshals Manstein and Kesselring—should serious talk about German rearmament begin. And they complain that Adenauer, despite all his talk about equal rights for victors and vanquished, is ready to accept certain limitations on the rights of the German forces. There will be no German general staff, no German national army; some controls and restrictions will continue.

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I DO NOT think that there will be much trouble from these sources after Adenauer and the Allies reach agreement. The leader of the labor unions, Fette, has come out for an active German contribution to defense; and the coalition of parties backing the government has the necessary votes. The Soviet maneuver to delay German rearmament by making an offer for a plebiscite on the question of Germany's unification will only postpone the hour of decision somewhat; it must be noted that this offer is not meant seriously—for Russia's influence in Eastern Germany would be abruptly ended if there were to be a really free election in the East. Whatever the grumbling, very few Germans would, in the end, refuse to obey draft orders or try to become recognized as conscientious objectors.

But on the other hand, it would be wrong to overlook the great influence which the rearmament issue has and will have on internal developments in Germany. Those who accept the opinion of military experts that a defense of Europe is impossible without Germany's active participation must note that plans for the reappearance of a German army have caused a profound psychological crisis in Germany. The Allies are taken less and less seriously. It has become even more usual than before to make cynical jokes about their democracy, their doctrines, their propaganda. A certain cynical-nihilistic attitude has increased. It is said that those who regard everything in politics as a question of power appear to be right after all. This spread of a certain air of bitter cynicism is perhaps more dangerous than the exploitation of the rearmament program by those unreconstructed Nazis who like to emphasize that the Fuehrer was right: the first enemy *is* the Soviet Union and only the German soldier will be able to defeat Bolshevism.

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THERE is also a fear that a future army will dominate all public life, will control civilian politicians, will at least become a state within a state as the Reichswehr did in the Weimar Republic. It is somewhat disgusting that the talk about German rearmament has resulted in the return to the public scene of some more or less politically naive and nationalistic generals. While some former soldiers have sent messages to President Heuss from their reunion meetings stating their loyalty to the democratic regime, General Fleissner, the chairman of the largest veterans organization, the German Soldatenbund, in a public address condemned the attempt made in 1944 to remove Adolf Hitler. Fortunately, not all the members of the Bund approved.

General Fleissner's speech is an impressive proof that the German army of the future will have to confront a very troublesome problem: what part of the history of the last few years is to be accepted and praised? What will be the army's attitude toward the Nazi regime? There are thoughtful Germans who claim that this issue has been raised too early, but it was obvious that the creation of military forces in Germany would bring it to the fore. These same thoughtful Germans are also not free from the fear that the new army may help to bring on a political reversal for the West. There is no doubt today that Chancellor Adenauer and the overwhelming majority of the German people are on the side of the West, but if the army grows strong, will it not try to play off West against East and East against West? The recollection that General Sakt's Reichswehr collaborated with the Red Army is not entirely gone.

But there are other considerations which may be mentioned as antidotes to a too dark pessimism. First, it may be said that in the long run a

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German army would have reappeared anyhow. Today it can be started under the most reasonable statesman in Germany, Chancellor Adenauer. He has many shortcomings, but he realizes the necessity of keeping Germany on the side of the West; and he is surely not an extreme nationalist—his competitor, Schumacher, tries to embarrass him through an appeal to nationalist emotions. A German army organized under Adenauer would run a smaller risk of falling victim to unsound leadership. Some controls would be accepted today which would be flatly rejected later. Also, we may hope that those younger Germans who are now bitter about German rearmament will prevent its control by militarists of the old type or even by neo-Nazis. It is unfortunate that the discussion of Germany's participation in Western defense has begun in a clumsy fashion. The psychological state of the young German generation was not taken into account; some of those advocating rearmament believed the cliché about an innate German militarism and they felt that the Germans would enthusiastically welcome the chance to have an army.

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BUT I think that even today it is quite possible to organize the German military forces in such a way that they will not be controlled by "non-political," more or less reactionary and nationalistic officers. For this purpose it would be necessary to build up a body of officers with a new spirit. Not only men of the Soldatenbund ought to be used, but also union members. Most important would be a strong civilian control at the top, an organization that could fulfill a function similar to the Department of Defense.

In any case the role of the army depends upon internal developments in Germany. It is not necessary to assume that the army will become an instrument of a dangerous nationalism. That can be prevented if those Germans who have learned a lesson or two from the experiences of the Weimar Republic and the catastrophies of the Nazi regime do not remain silent and passive, but develop enough energy and learn how to use their strength.

COMING

December 7

The Commonweal's

Christmas Book Number

Two Kinds of Private Judgment

By FREDERICK E. FLYNN

RECENT Catholic writers on the Church-State question, notably Father John Courtney Murray, S.J., and Heinrich Rommen, have shown a tendency to re-examine the problem of the freedom of the individual conscience. If the factors which have prevented more open discussion of the problem by Catholic thinkers in the past are largely historical, the impetus for the present discussions is being provided by the concrete political and legal problems with which Catholics and non-Catholics alike are faced in the free countries of Europe, as well as in the United States. The problem of federal aid to education, for instance, is one which cannot be satisfactorily solved until some of the gross confusions surrounding the more basic problem of freedom of conscience are cleared away. This whole difficulty is not peculiar to the United States, for the same problem of federal aid to Catholic schools was responsible for recently bringing about such a serious impasse in France that no premier was able to form a stable cabinet.

The historical factors which have hindered the development of a solid Catholic doctrine on freedom of conscience are chiefly three: the medieval attitudes toward the problem, the confusions introduced by the Protestant Revolt, and the further confusions added by nineteenth-century modernism. The medieval attitude toward freedom of conscience has already been more than adequately dealt with by Rommen ("Church and State," *Review of Politics,* July, 1950). In brief, his point is this: the predominant medieval attitude was that the heretic was always considered to be acting in bad faith, that he knowingly and obstinately resisted the Christian Truth, and consequently, as a contumaciously "guilty" person, he was denied the civil rights proper only to the orthodox believer.

This medieval attitude would not of itself have been a very serious obstacle to a developed doctrine of the rights of the individual conscience, for in St. Thomas the germ of that development is already there even if it is partly buried in a soil that is peculiarly medieval: in answer to the question whether or not infidels may be compelled to the Faith he answers that, if the infidels in question be pagans or Jews, they may in no way be compelled; if the infidels be heretics or apostates however, they may be compelled even "physically" (*Summa Theologica,* II-

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II, 10, 8). (What St. Thomas obviously meant by the last statement was that the Church may call in the secular arm to repress, forcibly if necessary, heretics and apostates. In this, St. Thomas was but a man of his time who lived in a Catholic society wherein heresy was not only a threat to Church unity, but to civil order as well). Again, to the question whether or not the children of Jews and other infidels may be baptized against their parents' wishes, his answer is an unqualified *no* on the grounds that it would violate natural justice (*Summa Theologica* II-II, 10, 12).

What hindered the doctrinal development was the rise of Protestantism. This, of course, is denied by Protestants who loudly affirm the reverse: that it was Protestantism which first recognized the inalienable right of private conscience. That Protestants did make an original contribution is undeniable, but the new invention was something quite different from, though usually identified with, freedom of conscience—namely, *freedom of interpretation*. To appreciate this quite understandable confusion it must be remembered that the centuries which witnessed theological heterodoxy were the same which witnessed a deplorably debilitated philosophy. Professor Joseph Lortz, in his *History of the Reformation in Germany*, stresses the confusion in the theology and philosophy of the time, as one of the principal—though frequently neglected — causes of the Reformation. The subtle distinctions which for the earlier scholastics were merely techniques for the development of theological and philosophical truths had already degenerated into inane hair-splittings frivolously indulged in for their own sake. The consequence was that some genuine and necessary distinctions lost their vigor through the proliferation of parasitic pseudo-distinctions. One of the distinctions to suffer most in this process was the distinction between the theoretical and practical order.

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MORE than anything else what gave strength and precision to the Thomistic theology and philosophy was the proper distinction between theoretical and practical truth, between truth which is to be sought for its own sake and truth which is to be sought for the sake of action. Thus, theology was both a theoretical and a practical science, and the philosophic disciplines were likewise divided into theoretical and practical. Of the latter, metaphysics was at the summit of the theoretical philosophic disciplines, and political philosophy was in St. Thomas' own phrase, the "architectonic science" of the practical philosophic order. It is only after making this fundamental distinction that the earlier scholastics were able to develop the proper notion of conscience.

Conscience, then, was the last judgment of the *practical intellect* concerning the morality of an act to be performed here and now. Conscience was the *supreme subjective* norm of morality. What gave conscience its proper supremacy was precisely its dependence on a norm of another and higher order—the universal moral law, the supreme objective norm. The individual's judgment about the morality of *his* concrete act was *for him* an absolute; assuming the adequate precautions, the judgment of his own conscience provided him with a unique moral truth. But by a genuine paradox his own moral judgments derived their character of absoluteness from the very fact that they were relative to another absolute, the divine law: the proposition that six ounces of wine constitutes the proper maximum if Noah is to avoid excessive drink, is absolutely true for him only so long as it is absolutely true that *all* individuals must avoid excessive drink.

By the time Protestantism appeared, the distinction between the theoretical and practical orders had become blurred. If it is true that Luther himself was anti-intellectual it is not so much that he was the originator of an anti-intellectual movement as he was the continuer of a trend that had developed as a reaction to the intellectualistic excesses of decadent scholasticism. As a consequence, when Protestantism began to develop its notion of the inviolability of private judgment it is not surprising that it confused the two orders of judgment—theoretical and practical. What Protestantism meant by private judgment was something vastly different from conscience, namely, individual interpretation. Where conscience is properly an operation of the practical intellect, interpretation is predominantly an activity of the theoretical intellect; where individualism is the very life of right practical judgments, it is the death of right theoretical judgments. Without understanding the essentially different natures of the two kinds of judgment Protestantism attached the inviolability proper only to private conscience to private interpretation. The consequence was that the *dogmas* of the church came to be considered as proper matter for private judgment. The orthodox teaching that each man, by following his own conscience, is responsible for his own moral acts to God alone became under Protestant auspices something quite different: each man his own priest. What this last proposition really implies is that each man is his own canonist. The Church as a society of teachers and pupils became under Protestantism a society wherein all were teachers and none were pupils.

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THE American sociologist Lewis Mumford, has accurately described the inevitable tendency of Protestantism:

> The outcome of the doctrine and practice of private judgment has been perpetual schism, a perpetual splitting off of one sect from another, and eventually extreme individualism and indeed nihilism. As Protestantism grew man seemed to move further and further away from any basis of unity; thought and society became increasingly atomized.

Under the debilitating excesses of private judgment Protestantism is left with little or no solid body of dogma. As Father Henri St. Denis, O.M.I., points out ("Values Spirituelles du Protestantism," *Revue de l'Université d'Ottawa*, January-March, 1950): "Of all Christian

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dogmas only two are left in Modern Protestantism: Creation and Providence." With such a sparse diet of dogma to feed on, faith has become an all-embracing, unspecified trust in God. Thus, the virtue of faith is confused with the virtue of hope, which, in turn, is confused with the emotion of hope.

It was only natural that in the face of this false notion of private judgment the post-Tridentine Catholic theologians should be more concerned with attacking the pseudo-inviolability of private interpretation than in developing the genuine inviolability of private conscience. This purely negative and defensive phase of the whole problem might not have continued so long as it did, had not nineteenth-century modernism appeared on the scene. Once again, Catholic theologians found themselves forced into a defensive position against what Pius X called "the synthesis of all heresies."

Modernism was a complex movement—a witches' brew concocted out of several ingredients, among them Protestantism, classical liberalism, and Comtean positivism. In his encyclical, *Lamentabili,* Pius X exposed and condemned the modernist doctrine on individual conscience:

> Hence, by those who study more closely the ideas of the Modernists, evolution is described as a resultant from the conflict of two forces, one of them tending towards progress, the other towards conservation. The conserving force exists in the Church and is found in tradition; tradition is represented by religious authority, and this both by right and fact. . . . The progressive force, on the contrary, which responds to the inner needs, lies in the individual consciences and works in them—especially in such of them as are in more close and intimate contact with life. Already we observe, Venerable Brethren, the introduction of that most pernicious doctrine which would make the laity the factor of progress in the Church. Now it is by a species of covenant and compromise between these two forces of conservation and progress, that is to say between authority and individual consciences, that changes and advances take place. The individual consciences, or some of them, act on the collective conscience, which brings pressure to bear on the depositaries of authority to make terms and to keep them.
>
> With all this in mind, one understands how it is that the Modernists express astonishment when they are reprimanded or punished. What is imputed to them as a fault they regard as a sacred duty. They understand the needs of consciences better than anyone else, since they come into closer touch with them than does the ecclesiastical authority.

From this passage it appears reasonably clear that Pius X himself used the term "individual conscience" as the Modernists did, to describe a kind of private judgment that was more theoretical than practical. It appears equally clear from the context that he was not condemning the right of individual conscience properly understood, but rather the false notion of individual interpretation.

With the booming censures of *Lamentabili* ringing in his ears, it would have been a rather audacious theologian indeed who would have thought it the proper time to develop even the genuine notion of private judgment. Yet the theologians of the time cannot be justly criticized for lack of sufficient boldness, for real prudence often demands that one refrain from emphasizing one truth where another, and cognate, truth is under attack: when the British were fighting the Nazis alone during the Battle of Britain it was no time to remind them and ourselves of what they did to the Irish in times gone by. But now that the Protestant and Modernist errors on this point are becoming more and more merely historical curiosities, the time is perhaps ripe to develop in a more positive way the authentic doctrine of the inviolability of individual conscience.

A Correction

IN THE article "The Right To Emigrate" by G.W.C. Ross in the October 19 issue, the following appears:

> If Italy is overpopulated and the United States is not, the Italians must have a natural right to enter and settle in this country and in such numbers as, without producing overpopulation here, may relieve Italy's congestion. The United States Constitution secured their right to do that.

This last sentence got into the article through an editorial error on our part, and Mr. Ross should not be held accountable for it at all. The Constitution does secure the right of citizens to move from one state to another within the United States but it does not, of course, secure the natural right of Italians to enter and settle in this country if Italy is overpopulated. We apologize to Mr. Ross for this error.

In the same article, the following sentence also appears:

> For Catholics accept the permanent validity of the Scriptural injunction to "multiply and replenish the earth;" and it seems not permissible to suppose that God has commanded us to pursue a course of conduct which, the Malthusians say, can produce only widening and deepening misery and disaster.

Our attention has been called to the fact that this sentence may leave the impression that the "increase and multiply" passage in the Book of Genesis is to be taken as a precept or command that could be interpreted as forbidding virginity and natural methods of population control. According to a footnote in the Douai version of Genesis, Chapter I, verse 28: "This is not a precept but a blessing, rendering them [man and woman] fruitful; for God had said the same words to the fishes and birds, who are incapable of receiving a precept."

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THE LABOR MOVEMENT

A Short Study of Toynbee

IT ISN'T every day that you get a new idea. A day in which you get two new ideas is a day to celebrate, and when you get two new ideas on a Sunday afternoon out of the same issue of the *New York Times Magazine,* that is a big day indeed.

In the issue of October 21 there is an article by Arnold Toynbee, the English historian, entitled "Not an Age of Atoms But of Welfare for All." Toynbee, author of the monumental and penetrating *A Study of History,* has probably contributed more insights to the history departments of the world's universities than anyone since Oswald Spengler. And the curious part of it is that many of his insights have proceeded from an orthodox Christian viewpoint.

In that same issue of the *Times Magazine,* incidentally, there is a lead article by the British economist, Barbara Ward. Miss Ward is a Catholic. Toynbee is, I believe, an Anglo-Catholic. The fact that such convinced and articulate Christians can appear in the same issue of such a magazine proves something to me. It proves once again that our largely non-Christian world will give a sympathetic hearing to any Christian who has mastered some aspect of the temporal problems that beset us and who can express himself clearly and with a minimum of style. In some Catholic quarters there is a treasured belief that no decent Christian will ever get a friendly hearing beyond the pale of the Church. Surely this article of faith is no longer binding. The bright Englishmen—including Greene, Waugh and the rest—have proved that.

In Miss Ward's piece she deals with the problem of social justice and social welfare as seen in the light of the coming British elections. Toynbee deals with it "under the aspect of eternity," or at least from the standpoint of a man living 300 years from now. "My own guess," he says, "is that our age will be remembered chiefly neither for its horrifying crimes nor for its astonishing inventions, but for its having been the first age since the dawn of civilization, some five or six thousand years back, in which people dared to think it practicable to make the benefits of civilization available for the whole human race." A new and arresting idea.

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TOYNBEE points out that until the Western Europeans crossed the ocean in the seventeenth century and settled on the east coast of North America such an idea did not exist. It was generally understood that the agricultural economy of the old world could support only a handful of privileged classes in anything better than a meager subsistence. In America a new world of fertile and seemingly unlimited land opened up. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries this ideal of "a good life for everybody" remained a strictly agrarian one. For eventually the land gave out.

Here is where Toynbee gave me the second of my new Sunday-afternoon ideas. Not exactly a new idea, but a new insight based on an old idea, an insight that goes far toward explaining why, for example the labor movement in America is so far behind the labor movement in Great Britain in the elementary aspects of organization and political influence.

"In a nineteenth century agricultural United States," he says, "the local and temporary existence of empty arable lands did indeed give to the weaker party in the economic arena so effective a bargaining power in his dealings with the stronger party that it was possible for the weaker party to win his fair share of welfare without its being necessary to curb the stronger party's freedom of economic action."

As a matter of fact, I don't agree with the statement. I don't think the weaker party in America has yet won "his fair share of welfare," even though the lot of an American working man may look happy indeed to a European like Toynbee. I think he has been listening to too many Voice of America broadcasts. And American business may look free as a bird from the other side of the Atlantic, but I don't think it is true that whatever "share of welfare" has been won by the American worker has been gained "without its being necessary to curb the stronger party's freedom of economic action." Any ten-second comparison of the life of a businessman under Herbert Hoover and under Harry Truman should correct such an impression.

Nevertheless, the statement clarifies and enlightens when a few modifying words are added. It reminded me of a labor organization in Boston in which three of the four officers elected three years ago have since gone into business for themselves or worked their way up into management. And I can even more easily imagine a labor leader in the nineteenth century saying to his friends, "Aw, to hell with this. I'm picking up stakes and moving West. Did you see where Lincoln is giving 160 acres to every man with the gumption to go out and take it?"

When a labor union goes on losing its best men year after year, whether to the farm, or to management, it stands to reason that it is not going to be the strongest organization in the world. The American worker's gain in opportunity has been labor's loss in leadership, membership and all-around power.

The working class is becoming more and more stable, or static, even in America. But still, such opportunity exists nowhere else in the world. Nor does such freedom for business, limited as it may be when compared with the wild license of the days of the Astors, the Goulds and the senior Rockefellers and Fords. Toynbee makes this clear and so does Barbara Ward when she details the extreme "me-tooism" of the Conservative Party in Britain.

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TOYNBEE reminds us: ". . . Three quarters of mankind are today still living the traditional life of an agricultural civilization in which there is no reserve of virgin soil and therefore no possibility of providing more than a tiny minority of population with anything better than bare subsistence out of agricultural production."

And yet, from their new contact with the West, the peoples of Asia and Africa have caught the vision of a world of plenty for all which is now made possible by the development of industrial technique. But how are they going to bridge the gulf? They have virtually no factories, no railroads, no fund of technical skill. Toynbee concludes: "Asia and Africa are going to make an audacious attempt to catch up with the West by a forced march, and here lies communism's opportunity in a world in which the Russian ideology of Communism is competing with the Western ideal of free enterprise for Asia's and Africa's allegiance."

Somehow the mind, having just absorbed Barbara Ward, rebels again at such a simplification. Would a Westerner like Clement Attlee, or even one like Anthony Eden, or better still, one like Robert Schumann or Alcide de Gasperi, admit that the conflict is simply one between Communism and free enterprise? Would Harry Truman? Should Harry Truman? Should anyone?

It is discouraging to think that Arnold Toynbee, a Christian historian, conceives of the conflict in such uninspiring terms. Even though he decorates his thesis with a few garlands of spiritual idealism. "If we believe in the freedom which the Pilgrim Fathers came to look for on American shores," he says "we must believe in the right of each people to work its way toward our common objective" [welfare for all] along a freely chosen course of its own.

"Acting on this belief means acting toward Asian and African countries as we are already acting toward Yugoslavia. We must be ready to work with any non-Western country which agrees with the West on the crucial political point of being determined to resist Russian attempts to dominate the world. . . . And we should also have faith enough in our own way of life to believe that, if we do give a helping hand to peoples who have been compelled by a temporary necessity to put themselves under non-Russian totalitarian regimes, they will take to our Western liberty just as soon as they find themselves able to afford it."

When America found itself in a death grapple with the Axis, there was little criticism of our alliance with Russia. In Europe today men like Toynbee find themselves living under the very shadow of Stalin's sinister moustache. Under that shadow there is not so much leisure, or inclination, for the kind of picking and choosing which Americans still feel that they are able, and even obliged, to engage in.

But why didn't Mr. Toynbee mention Spain in that passage about Yugoslavia? Did the Yugoslavs, any more than the Spaniards, "freely choose" the non-Russian totalitarian regime under which they presently suffer? Or is it because, in Mr. Toynbee's mind, tolerance of Franco represents a loss in spiritual value that the anti-Russian advantage cannot entirely outweigh?

It would be foolish to maintain that every country in the world is ready and able to govern itself according to the exact patterns of Western democracy. And frankly, I shudder at my own presumption in taking issue with Arnold Toynbee on so much as the time of day. Nevertheless, I detect a whiff of the-end-justifies-the-means in his argument, a lingering suggestion of those ways of thought which Christ stigmatized when He said, "Man does not live by bread alone."

"Fair shares for all" is a high ideal. It is an ideal to which the labor movement, among others, is dedicated. It is an ideal to which every modern Christian must be dedicated, knowing, as Toynbee says, that it is now "for the first time in history . . . a practical objective instead of a mere utopian dream." But that dedication should not blind us to the fact that salvation for all is an even higher ideal than welfare for all. And if there are, as there are, in some countries men who would deny salvation for all in the name of welfare for all, then we here in America will still feel that we must protest by every means at our command such a reversal of the true hierarchy of values. Things here in America are not yet so tough that we have to wink at any kind of skullduggery just for the sake of another ally to shield us against the cold that lies in Stalin's shadow.

May the good Lord forgive my impudence, but it seems to me that Mr. Toynbee, starting out to look at the modern world from the standpoint of a man living in the twenty-third century, winds up by looking at it very much from the standpoint of a man living in Great Britain in the year 1951. Still, he remains a man who can make you think on a Sunday afternoon, between the too-big dinner and the too-long nap. Such men are not lightly to be quarreled with. JOHN C. CORT.

The Stage

LOVE AND LET LOVE

GINGER ROGERS has returned to the theatre in what was meant to be a tailor-made vehicle but which is, on all counts, a poor fit. Louis Verneuil's play is a random one. The author begins the evening with what threatens to be a contest between sisters—both played by Miss Rogers—then hastily ditches the less attractive of these in favor of an extended, in fact interminable, bout between the flightier sister and a middle-aged diplomat. For reasons known only to Mr. Verneuil, the girl temporarily imagines herself to be in love with her benign confidant, and must be firmly guided away from him into the arms of a young doctor who had had nothing to do for three acts but wait around for this eventuality. Neither have we, worse luck. The play

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finally has the odd effect of not being about anything at all, and why Miss Rogers should have thought it particularly suited to her talents, I cannot imagine.

She certainly is given no opportunity for the sly and pouting comedy which she has used to real advantage in such films as "Bachelor Mother" and "Tom, Dick, and Harry." Unluckily, she does continue to pout, and to draw her mouth to one side wryly, but since there are no lines amusing enough to justify either tactic these devices come to have a disembodied and mechanical air about them. The actress has further been moved to adopt artificial voices—probably to distinguish the two sisters—and this, as a friend of mine has remarked, tends to suggest that her last Hollywood employment was with the Walt Disney studios. There is undoubtedly something to be said for the star's courage in bringing "Love and Let Love" into New York at all. It was clearly in trouble during its preliminary road tour, and a number of play doctors were reputed to have worked it over while author Verneuil went off for a rest. Verneuil, it must be said, chose the better part. (*At the Plymouth*)

FIRST DRAMA QUARTETTE

CHARLES BOYER, Charles Laughton, Cedric Hardwicke, and Agnes Moorehead are appearing in a two-hour reading of the "Don Juan in Hell" episode from Shaw's "Man and Superman." The format may sound forbidding: the performers work in evening clothes, before microphones, and alongside lecterns on which scripts are placed; and the play itself is an extended conversation piece, nearly devoid of dramatic action, and in some respects dated.

Yet the evening is far and away the most exciting theatrical event of the season thus far, and I suspect that in many ways it is not going to be topped. There are, roughly, three reasons for this. The first is Shaw's literacy; the pigeon-English which passes for prose in nearly everything written for the contemporary stage has made us so desperate for the sound of language that we cannot resist Shaw's talk even when, as sometimes happens, he is talking nonsense. The second is the fact that this concert style presentation is extremely felicitous when applied to something which is not so much drama as debate. The third, and most important, is the almost embarrassingly high quality of performance turned in by the company.

There are at least three performances—two of them from people primarily associated with Hollywood—which are so superior to what ordinarily goes on in the legitimate theatre nowadays as to give that theatre real pause, and cause it to examine its conscience. Mr. Boyer is, to mince no words, magnificent. Mr. Laughton is rousing in a much more flamboyant, though no less legitimate, way. And Cedric Hardwicke provides us with an object lesson in the actor's craft: given fewer lines than his colleagues, he manages to expand them by inventive theatrical device without ever disturbing the true proportions of the piece. If Miss Moorehead is less impressive than the three men, it is partly because Shaw has skimped on his woman, partly because it would take something near a Bernhardt to keep this company. If these words seem extravagant, you must track down the troupe and hear the impassioned second half of the program for yourself. (*Returning to New York in late November*)

THE FOURPOSTER

JESSICA TANDY and Hume Cronyn are playing Jan de Hartog's two-character play with such simplicity and integrity that one is reluctant to cavil. But the play is such a plain affair, and its humors hew so close to the easily predictable, that it is hard to work up any honest enthusiasm for it.

Mr. de Hartog is concerned with a marriage which manages to scrape through thirty-five years and an assortment of minor tempests. The familiar landmarks are all here: the almost-errant husband, the almost-wayward son, and the ultimate despair of a mother who feels that she has come to the end of her life without having done anything but rear children. The trouble with this particular restatement of conventional, though still valid, materials is that no distinctive insight has been brought to bear on them. The details are neatly worked out; they are true so far as they go; and they do not go much farther than the standard family jokes and embarrassments which are told to visiting relatives. There is a literary dryness throughout, as though the author had resisted the story-teller's temptation to improve on the actual event, and I, at least, found the evening unnecessarily pale.

Miss Tandy is giving a beautifully varied performance as the wife and mother. She is sure of her every effect, able to bring both abandon and restraint to a perfectly unified characterization. Mr. Cronyn is expert, too—funny when he is vain, touching when he is deflated. Jose Ferrer's stage direction mirrors the play perfectly: it is tidy, discreet, just pointed enough for a judicious, but not very exhilarating, evening in the theatre. (*At the Barrymore*)

WALTER KERR.

The Screen

ALWAYS SOMETHING OR FOREVER AMBROID

THIS week you can cry with Jane, strive with Jim or laugh with Red. It's as mechanical as that; all you have to do is decide what mood you want to be in, and you'll find a movie with the appropriate stimuli.

To exercise the tear ducts, there's *"The Blue Veil,"* as wet a picture as I've seen in a long time. If it were not so well acted by Jane Wyman and an extraordinarily good supporting cast, one might wonder just what Producers Jerry Wald and Norman Krasna had in mind in

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doing this soft-slick story about a widow who loses her baby and then unselfishly devotes her life to other people's children. The first episode in Norman Corwin's contrived script, in which Charles Laughton plays the father of Jane's young charge, is quite amusing, and both Laughton and Wyman make the most of their roles as widower and nurse. The second episode, which finds Jane devoted to wealthy Agnes Moorehead's little boy, is rather confused and Jane's reasons for not marrying the eligible tutor (Richard Carlson) are pretty vague —coming from a woman to whom a family of her own would mean so much. By the time we get to the third episode, we are familiar with the pattern, so it is fortunate that this setup is the most interesting: Jane sadly realizes that young Natalie Wood is confusing her with her real mother (Joan Blondell) who is torn between her theatrical career and her home life. The fourth episode is the cruelest to noble, long-suffering Jane, and when this mother (Audrey Totter) turns up again after eight years to claim her son, Jane is left a white-haired, tottering, almost-blind, lonely old woman.

Perhaps it is only the high quality of its acting which lifts "The Blue Veil" above the soap-opera level. Director Curtis Bernhardt injects as much humor as possible into the sentimental tale and he uses his cast well, although you may wonder if this story was worth all this opulence. And you may wonder how on earth Jane Wyman grew so old during the 30-some years covered by the picture or how Don Taylor quickly gathered her clan for the shamelessly tear-jerking finale. But don't give it another thought. If you go to "The Blue Veil," you go to have a good cry and yours is not to reason why.

★

IF YOUR mood is for stronger stuff, you'll find it in *"Come Fill the Cup"* while watching James Cagney put up the good fight to cure himself of alcoholism and then struggle equally as hard to help others whose drinking is a disease. Although this film is a melodrama, with complicated moral issues when Cagney's girl-friend marries a lush whom Cagney later hopes she'll divorce, the script deserves credit for being honest about alcoholism. It minces no words in showing Cagney going to the dogs, and it softens no blows of the strenuous treatment that ends only when an ex-alcoholic refuses that first drink. In setting the grim stage for some of his unpleasant material, Director Henry Blanke maneuvers the first part of the movie too slowly, but once it gets going it's bound to hold your interest. James Cagney gives another of his realistically-stylized performances both as the alcoholic trying to straighten himself up and then as the remade man, a newspaper editor who helps other drunks. It is an ironical twist that his big-shot publisher (Raymond Massey) should get him to work on his nephew (Gig Young) since this very ill young man married the girl (Phyllis Thaxter) whom Cagney hoped to marry when he got on his feet again; but "Come Fill the Cup" doesn't pretend to be another soul-searching "Lost Weekend." As a lively illustrated lecture on the evils of drinking, more than the cure, it fills the cup to overflowing.

Non-drinkers may find that Red Skelton and Keenan Wynn go a little too far in their drunk scenes in *"Texas Carnival,"* but the movie has no other point than to be funny, and if you don't think Red's imitations of foolish men, drunk or sober, are funny, you'd better stay away from this one. Its light plot that depends on old mistaken-identity gags is further decorated by Esther Williams, who swims well, and Ann Miller, who dances well. Howard Keel is also on hand to sing a couple of songs and add romantic interest. Texans may wonder why this thin musical comedy was set in their state, but they won't object too much to the ribbing they get.

★

MOVIEGOERS whose preferences run to foreign films may find fare to their liking in two new items neither of which is exactly a masterpiece but both merit a hand for effort. The Italian *"Mill on the Po"* is a vast panoramic kind of movie based on Riccardo Bacchelli's lengthy novel about the changes brought by the expanding machine age to the people near Ferrara in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The plot concerns a tragic Romeo-and-Juliet love affair between a farmer and a miller's daughter, two young people who get caught in the feud that results when the farmers and millers refuse to work together to meet the changing times. Although the individual performances are good, the characters themselves get lost in Director Alberto Lattuada's efforts to make a big epic; and in spite of the film's English titles, we get lost in some of the arguments for and against industrialization. The photography however is magnificent, and some of the scenes, such as the one in which the soldiers advance on the striking farm women in the fields, have a quality of first-rate cinema.

★

FROM France, but without English titles because most of the cast speak English, comes *"Mr. Peek-A-Boo,"* a delightful little surprise about a third-rate government clerk who discovers he can walk through walls. It isn't so much the plot that's so wonderful about this film as is the performance of Bourvil, a new French comedian who has touches of Chaplin, Keaton and Lloyd plus a lot of French charm that is all his own. He handles the lines given to him by the clever script beautifully and his naive modesty when he astonishes people by walking through walls is a joy to behold. Sophisticated Joan Greenwood, as the cat burglar with whom he falls in love and whom he tries to save, is a perfect foil for a wise simpleton like Bourvil. Actually "Mr. Peek-A-Boo" has many faults as a movie, but you'll miss a lot of fun if you miss the first film of this amazing comedian.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Miss Bentley's Bondage

By JOSEPH ALSOP

IT IS VERY hard to decide whether to treat *Out of Bondage, the Story of Elizabeth Bentley* (*Devin-Adair*. $3.50) as tragic, or as ludicrous, or as terrifying, or as pathetic. This is a book written in the prose of *True Confessions,* with the Communist Party in the role of the fascinating villain who receives his comeuppance after many a titillating scene and passage with the pretty heroine. It is a book that exudes a smell of phoniness from its title page, which does not tell you who did the actual writing, to its macabre conclusion, showing Miss Bentley enthroned in the hearing room of the Committee on Un-American Activities, mournfully but triumphantly watching the grilling of her former friends. But it is also a book which must in some measure be taken seriously, as a record of experience and a symptom of our times.

To dispose first of the key facts, Miss Bentley is an obviously unstable personality who found her way into the Communist Party by the common route of genteel poverty, loneliness and frustration. The great event occurred when she was studying at Columbia in 1934. Not very long after joining the party, she fell in with one of the more important senior Communists, Jacob Golos, or Rasin, who was also an agent of the NKVD. She became his mistress. She also became a connecting link in the agent net which he operated.

During the war years, she served as contact between Golos-Rasin and a group of Communists in Washington, picking up whatever useful information they had collected and carrying it to her lover in New York. In November, 1943, (as nearly as one can guess the date from the very muddled writing of the book) the lover died of heart failure. None the less, she continued for a while to operate as a Communist agent, working directly under Russian operatives of the NKVD.

But there were doubts and difficulties—especially difficulties arising from the desire of the NKVD agents to use other contacts with the Washington group that Miss Bentley had previously had in charge. The book's climactic scene is an incredible confrontation between Miss Bentley and Earl Browder, to whom she appealed the NKVD's decision. According to her account, Miss Bentley told Browder that the NKVD would "ruin Greg," the key man in the Washington group. The account continues:

"[Browder] shrugged his shoulders and looked carefully at the wall.

"'Don't be naive,' he said cynically. 'You know when the cards are down, I have to take my orders from them. . . .'

"'But Greg's an old friend of yours,' I said accusingly.

"'So what,' he replied. 'He's expendable.'

"Blindly I stumbled out of his office. . . . Why had Earl behaved like that? Why, knowing how ruthless Bill [the NKVD man] was, had he permitted his old friend Greg to be turned over to him? . . . My head began to ache from the heat; I walked into a nearby drugstore, sat down and tried to sort out my thoughts. What was it that Earl had said? Oh yes—that he 'had to take orders from the Russians.' But that of course was absurd. Yasha [Golos-Rasin] had told me that every Communist Party in the world was autonomous. . . . So Earl, then, was lying to me. . . . Revulsion swept over me. So this was Earl Browder—not the glorious leader of our American party but a cheap, tawdry figure."

★

THIS was the real turning point. Thereafter, Miss Bentley's disillusionment increased continuously. In the end—this date is absolutely indeterminate—she presented herself at an FBI office in New Haven, and began the marathon confession which she has now elevated almost to the status of a business or occupation.

Everything that makes one suspicious of this book appears in the passage quoted describing the Browder interview. By 1944, which is when Miss Bentley appears to have called on Browder, she had been a member of the Communist Party for ten years. She had been the mistress of a trusted NKVD agent for a good part of this time. She had also worked directly under the NKVD's Russian staff. Her chief activity had been collecting documents and information for transmission to Moscow. Yet if her book is to be believed, she still remained fervently convinced that the American Communist Party was autonomous; and when the truth of the matter was broken to her by Browder, the only man in the party whom her dead lover had told her she might trust, she decided that Browder must be a "cheap, tawdry figure."

Add to this sort of inner improbability the style of writing, at once so vulgar, so girlish and so portentous. The mixture is not confidence-inspiring.

Nor, one must add, are the contents of Miss Bentley's book. Perhaps its most singular single feature is Miss Bentley's almost total lapse of memory on the really key point—the precise information that her group in Washington transmitted through her to their Russian masters. Concerning this, Miss Bentley is femininely vague, talking of "performance data" of aircraft, "new and secret developments in numberless fields," and so on. She also makes wonderfully grandiose claims. There is another touching scene that is typical of her treatment of this topic. She has just returned from Washington, with a heavy load.

JOSEPH ALSOP, with his brother Stewart, conducts a nationally syndicated newspaper column.

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" 'What have you got this time,' Yasha [Golos-Rasin] asked interestedly.

" 'I think I've brought you the entire Pentagon,' I answered.

"I was not far wrong and was rewarded by a glow of appreciation."

One would expect a professional spy to retain a somewhat more exact recollection of at least a few of her more momentous coups. The day-to-day stuff she might forget; but if what she passed on was so often intensely important, she would surely recall a dozen or so of the truly significant documents, the really earth-shaking items. Judging by this book, Miss Bentley remembers literally nothing, except a formula for turning garbage into synthetic rubber and the broad tendency of Averell Harriman's reports from Moscow—both of which were matters of public knowledge long before Miss Bentley ever mentioned them.

★

SUCH are the reasons why this reviewer put down Miss Bentley's book with the strong conviction that a deep strain of phoniness runs through her whole story. This does not mean, of course, that the whole fabric is phony. Clearly, the broad outlines of Miss Bentley's experience are correctly portrayed. Clearly, although it is hard to admire Miss Bentley, the experience that she passed through was tragic and terrible, and must evoke our sympathy. Clearly, it is to Miss Bentley's credit that she did win through this terrible experience; and even those who do not share Miss Bentley's new-found faith must rejoice that she has found a refuge in the Catholic Church.

All these things, in happier times, would go without saying; and in happier times, a book like Miss Bentley's could be shortly dismissed as ill-done, dubious, but not without inherent interest. Our times are so unhappy, however, that we must take seriously this new phenomenon of the ex-Communist turned professional informer, which is what, in plain, blunt language, Miss Bentley is.

★

SO FAR as one can see, there is nothing in the case of Miss Bentley that exactly parallels the recent development in the case of her colleague Louis Budenz. Budenz has lately ventured to be specific in a way that Miss Bentley has not. Not long ago, he testified that the State Department official, John Carter Vincent, was a "member of the Communist Party," charged by the party to "guide" Henry Wallace on his 1944 mission to China, which had "carried out" its Communist "objective."

It then transpired that the chief result of the Wallace mission to China was a recommendation to President Roosevelt to dismiss General Joseph W. Stilwell from command in China, and to replace him with General Albert C. Wedemeyer—a profoundly and decisively anti-Communist act. It further transpired that Budenz had knowledge of this intensely anti-Communist result of the Wallace mission to China when he gave his testimony

LITTLE GIRL LOST

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on

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about Wallace and Vincent. After this, it is clear, anything that Budenz says must be taken with a whole shaker-full of salt. Miss Bentley's value as an informer has not been impeached in quite the same manner.

★

NONE the less, even if all of them were impeccably truthful and trustworthy, the presence of professional informers in our midst would still constitute a problem. The nature of the problem is suggested by Miss Bentley's book, as is its solution.

In brief, these unhappy people are the victims of the glare of publicity in which they have been made to live. They must pose; they must attitudinize; they must be portentous; they are also strongly driven to embroider and elaborate and invent something new to say—all in order to give satisfaction to their audiences. The audience is what is wrong in the picture. If informers must indeed be employed, which seems inevitable, let them operate behind the scenes, away from the encouraging Kleig lights of grossly ignorant, headline-hunting Congressional committees. Let them tell their stories to the FBI, in a proper manner. Let their stories be sifted, tested and reviewed, to eliminate such obviously pernicious nonsense as Budenz's allegations about the Wallace mission. And then, where necessary, let appropriate action be taken by the proper authorities, without fuss, without publicity, without clamor and glamor.

★

THE fearful dangers of the present procedure can be easily illustrated. Let other informers step forward, as members of the Nazi underground in the United States before Pearl Harbor, or as Communists since the end of the war. Let the ex-Nazi informers assert, in the Budenz manner, that they "have information from official reports they have seen," that Colonel Robert R. McCormick, Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, Philip Jessup and General Robert A. Wood were all in the pay of Adolf Hitler. As leading America-Firsters, these men have records not inconsistent with the charge. And if the word of an informer is to outweigh all other evidence, who is to say that they are wrong? In the same manner, let the postwar ex-Communist informers assert that three-quarters of Senator Robert A. Taft's Republican faction in Congress are secret Communists. Again, the votes of these Senators and Representatives have rather strictly followed the Communist party line on all the vital issues of defense and foreign policy. And who is to prove them innocent, if the informers speak against them?

These imaginary instances show the depth of the pit into which we risk falling. If the informers continue to be public heroes; if the rule continues to hold, that men and women charged by them must be presumed guilty until proven innocent; if we continue to try to meet the terrible menace of Soviet power and Soviet ambition by magical exorcism and the driving out of scapegoats, we shall find ourselves at the pit's dark bottom.

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Books

Advent. Jean Daniélou, S.J. *Sheed & Ward.* $2.50.

PERSPECTIVE is what Daniélou has to give in *Advent.* It is a book of Christian hope which sets out to restore the realization that Christians must be forward-looking people, a people of optimism. Daniélou writes: "Faith in the meaning of history, the deep faith that in all the revolutions and all the tragedies we have gone through something is maturing, something is being formed and going forward towards good, is an essentially Christian view." For history finds its continuity in Christ. All that went before His birth, and all that follows is a progression towards the final goal of the human race: the heavenly City, Jerusalem. With the birth of Christ, God made Man, that continuity was at once shattered and fulfilled, and yet continued towards a fulfilment which is incomplete until the final epiphany, *Parousia,* the advent of Christ in glory at the end of the ages.

In our times, Father Daniélou believes, we are not faced with a new missionary problem, a new problem of the apostolate, but with the same difficulties as the early Christians. The problem is to realize *in what way* Christianity fulfils all non-Christian religions and at the same time transcends them. These religions "are not so much false as essentially incomplete, unfinished. . . . What characterizes Christianity is the fulness of truth. In the order of continuity it marks a more advanced stage of evolution, the highest point of that evolution."

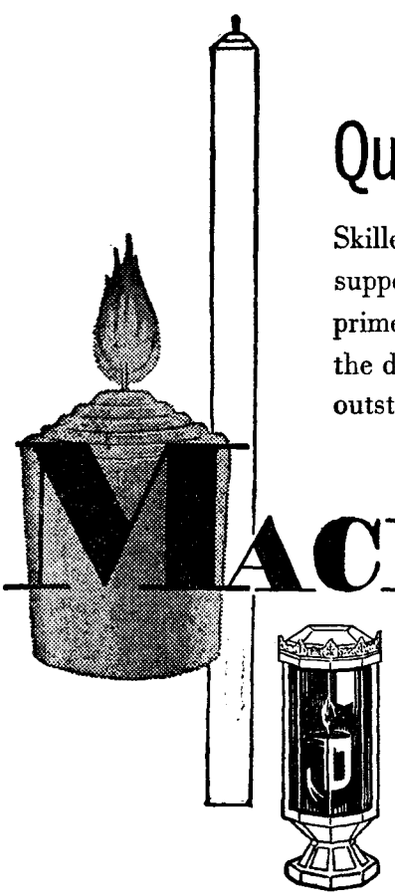
It is from these ideas that the author springs into a masterful treatment of history and progress and the true missionary apostolate of Christianity in his studies of Abraham, John the Baptist, the Angels, and the Blessed Virgin Mary. He writes of the passion, resurrection and ascension of Christ with a totality of vision which embraces the whole range of the Christian mystery: humanity is already united with divinity in the glorified person of the Savior, yet remains striving on earth for fulfilment in His Mystical Body until that completion which shall herald His coming in glory and power.

Advent opens up a new world of thought and action to those of us who perhaps have dwelt too long on the chaos of our times without a Christian perspective of history.

JAMES F. KITTLESON.

This Man and This Woman. James T. Farrell. Vanguard. $2.75.

I BECAME acquainted with James T. Farrell's *Studs Lonigan* during my first year in college, when I



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was eighteen and fresh from the guarded world of the parochial high school. Of all the novels I read during my teens there are now only three which I remember as though they were read yesterday. They were *Look Homeward Angel* and *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*—and *Studs Lonigan*. They all had something to say which I was ripe to hear, something about myself and my values. I was profoundly convinced that what each of them said, no matter how disturbing or unpleasant, was true. I recognized too many people in *Studs Lonigan* to doubt its validity.

This early feeling for the power and validity of Farrell's work has made the reading of his latest novel an especially unpleasant task. It is never pleasant to see a boyhood hero doing something unworthy of the fine things we know he has done in the past, and if we do see it, we don't like to admit it. But since I've been asked to write about this book, I must admit it: *This Man and This Woman* seems to me one of the dreariest, least literate, most tedious novels I have ever read. It is so incredibly poor that one would have difficulty justifying any serious review of it at all were it not for the fact that James T. Farrell is its author. Because he *is* its author, we are forced to ask how so serious a writer could write so trivial a book.

The answer to this question was suggested, I think, by Frank O'Malley in a perceptive essay on Farrell published in *America* last June: "Although he is an inveterately *serious* writer, Farrell, in ultimate appraisal, is an earnest sociologist rather than a very good artist." The negative aspect of Professor O'Malley's judgment is brilliantly confirmed in this new work. Here Farrell has eliminated the devastatingly detailed sociological background which gave point and reference to his earlier work. He has tried to write a straight domestic tragedy, to function purely as the "artist," and the result is appalling.

The novel deals with the domestic bitterness which, inexplicably, afflicts the life of Walt Callahan. He is sixty-three, has worked hard all his life, and now, when he should be able to expect some peace and happiness, his wife Peg destroys all chance for it by her bitter carping and constant discontent. The opening scene, an argument over some trivial kitchen gadget which Walt has brought home in the vain hope of pleasing Peg, is typical of the whole novel's movement and style.

"Now that you've bought it, you won't use it twice in a year. It seems to me there are plenty of more practical things you could have thought to buy."

"But, Peg—"

"You wouldn't think of bringing home anything for me, would you?"

A hurt, boyish expression crossed his face.

"But I did bring this home for you, for the home, Peg. I thought you'd like it."

"Yes, and I suppose it will cause me twice as much trouble as it will be worth."

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turns, goes on for 205 pages. Some brief but merciful relief is occasionally provided when Walt and Peg wonder to themselves just what has happened: ("I was always a good provider. I never chased after skirts or boozed it up," Walt assures himself. "Why in hell does Peg have to act this way?" . . . "I've never had a moment's real happiness in life. Why does everyone misunderstand me?" Peg commiserates with herself.) Finally, in the last few pages, Peg completely loses her mind, grabs a kitchen knife, and murders poor Walt. This is the first (and last) event of any real importance in the book, and whatever may be our usual abhorrence of bloodshed, this final violence must be welcomed as some relief. Monotony breeds its own callousness.

The earlier Farrell is still dimly recognizable here. Walt and Peg are the familiar moderately prosperous, hopelessly frustrated and dull Irish middle-class Catholics who crawl through all his work. They are "respectable"; they have all the silly prejudices, all the spiritual and intellectual poverty which Farrell likes to associate with certain elements in their class. Their lives are empty of vision and meaning. Nothing distinguishes them, intrinsically, from the other hopeless creations in Farrell's now well-filled gallery of nonentities.

THE departure from Farrell's earlier work, then, is not in the characters themselves, but in the point of view from which they are seen. Studs Lonigan and his depressing associates were developed against the background of a milieu. The sociological context which Farrell provided for their frustratonis served as a sort of naturalistic chorus, implicitly explaining and even, perhaps, lending a certain dignity to what, without it, would have been nothing but the drab history of personal failures. The pathetic struggles of a Studs and the viciously misdirected fervor of a Tommy Gallagher were thus understood as part of the more terrible failures of a culture. They were universalized. In *This Man and This Woman* the sociological context is missing; we are shown only Walt and Peg Callahan, and there is nothing there. The unfortunate result is a book which lacks all meaning, which is, in the final analysis, merely tedious and dull. It reminds us that the tedious and dull, the stupid and commonplace, can never, of themselves, be made the subject matter of art. They must be in some way illuminated and universalized by vision.

These reflections seem to suggest that Mr. Farrell is not only *ultimately,* but in fact almost *exclusively* the sociologist. His functioning as artist has always been incidental to his didacticism. For, in retrospect, his most significant work seems to derive its power from sociological rather than artistic knowledge. Remove Mr. Farrell as sociologist and leave only Mr. Farrell as artist and you have *This Man and This Woman.*

WILLIAM P. CLANCY.

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On Being Negro In America. J. Saunders Redding. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

WHAT is it, how does it feel to be Negro in America? This book by a civilized and truthful man is a cry of anguish all the more poignant for the restraint with which it is written. To be a Negro, the author says, "is like having a second ego which is as much the conscious subject of all experience as the natural self." By the personal history woven through the book he clarifies, demonstrates and brings home the conclusions to which his examination of the problem lead.

His analysis of the still living and potent myth of race is brilliant and dispassionate. One by one he considers the various policies and assumptions which men, black and white, have adopted and the failure of each to cure this American sickness. Education, law, religion, all have been powerless before our determination to deny the reality that all men are one.

At the end of his book Mr. Redding expresses a timid hope that Christianity may promise a cure, a Christianity which would "emphasize the relation of man to man rather than the relation of men to God." But as he has previously noted, "What has happened is that the age, while acknowledging Christianity as the highest way of life that man has thus far conceived, has denied the authority of God to make men live up to Christ's teachings." God has made men free. So long as they deny the authority of God the Father it is unlikely that men will obey His commandment to love one another.

In his penetrating appraisal of Communism Mr. Redding sees that "Communism is a falling away from the idea that the Western world has lived by since the Middle Ages—the idea that *man* is the end of all human endeavor and that mere 'survival and security' are not enough for man." This seems to me to contribute to the strength of Communism rather than to its failure as the author suggests. For the falling away from an erroneous idea is inevitable.

Today man has sufficient knowledge of his nature to understand that the end of human endeavor is greater than man. He understands also that cooperation is the law of life but is unable to realize it. It would seem that man has arrived at that rational despair of which Freud spoke. Hence the preoccupation of our age with power. Man is ready to surrender, but to which power?

Christianity indeed, as Mr. Redding hopes, promises life, love and brotherhood but only by way of the Cross voluntarily borne. It is with fear, reverence and humility that one dare say it to a people already crucified. The mystery of iniquity is not confronted by reason but by passion.

In this compelling book Christians may hear an echo of the voice of James the Apostle. "If any man say I love God and hateth his brother he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how can he love God Whom he seeth not?" May they be moved to heed His word, "You must speak and act like men already on trial before a law of freedom."

MARJORIE CROWE HUGHES.

Two Cheers for Democracy. E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

IF youth knew, the French sigh, if age could do. Reading these sixty-six essays, articles, reviews, and broadcasts, all composed since 1936, one's first reaction is to wish the author hadn't been so remotely on the sidelines. He is our Montaigne, and, pace the pun, what a mountain besides! No other English-speaking writer is quite of his stature, not only qua writer, but qua literary figure: he is our Gide-Proust-Mann. And, since the English language and people have one sure genius, that of the *via media,* the middle way, how much less he dates!

He is at his best when most personal: all passion spent and pearls of great price purchased with it. A visit to the Sidney Webbs; a dinner with Gide; above all "What I believe," with its calm conclusion: "I am naked under my shirt, whatever its color."

Anyone who wants to experience what it meant to be civilized in the first half of the twentieth century, must read this book. It is as astonishing as Archimedes, as supremely detached as Aurelius. Mr. Forster once wrote of the metalled tramp of history striding onward, and of the "slow crab-like movement sideways" of the human spirit: he is an example, not moving crab-like, nor sideways, but of the slow accretion, in one lifetime the slow distillation, of wisdom in one man. And, thank goodness, here is one pleasure of which we are in no danger of becoming surfeited: kings have died from over-eating variously, but there is no danger of our over-reading Mr. Forster, nor of his over-writing.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

• REVIEWERS •

REV. JAMES F. KITTELSON is a parish priest and teacher at Miles City, Montana.

WILLIAM P. CLANCY has taught at the University of Detroit.

MARJORIE CROWE HUGHES is a member of the Catholic Worker community at Newburgh, N. Y.

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Fourth Week

The following excerpts are typical of the encouragement The Commonweal has been receiving on its drive to secure the new subscriptions needed to assure continued publication:

Time: Commonweal, which looks like (but usually disagrees with) the pink-eyed *Nation,* is still generally unfriendly to Franco. Its "progressive opinion" has stirred up many a furor among Catholics. A strong voice of the anti-Communist left, Commonweal is pro-union and consumer cooperatives, and anti-bigotry.

St. Louis *Post Dispatch:* It seems axiomatic that magazines of opinion have limited appeal, but a democracy needs them. They are the rugged individualists of the magazine field . . . their influence extends far beyond their circulation. The Commonweal and the *Progressive* have contributed so much vigor to the exchange of opinion that they deserve a long life, with independence of thought and finances.

America: America has not always agreed with The Commonweal, though it does most of the time. But it heartily agrees that a review like The Commonweal is highly necessary. . . . It surely would be paradoxical if those lay Catholics who complain, at times, that the field of lay activity in the Church is not wide enough to suit their ideals, should stand by and let a national weekly review edited by Catholic laymen fail for want of lay support.

Christian Century: Nearly everybody knows Commonweal, the independent Catholic weekly, but it seems that only about 12,000 people pay its $7 a year subscription price. Now it is engaged in Operation Survival, seeking the additional 4,500 subscribers without which its continuance is in jeopardy. We hope that this dauntless contemporary of ours gets the help it needs.

Cash contributions in response to the appeal now total $2,303. By October 30 some 1,312 new long-term subscriptions had been received; that leaves 3,188 to go before New Year's to reach the vital objective. Six-months Commonweal subscriptions make a highly acceptable Christmas gift.

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